

The Meditative Adventures Songbook (2016-2021)

noemienours records #9

Dr. Noémie M. Nours

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(2016-2021)**

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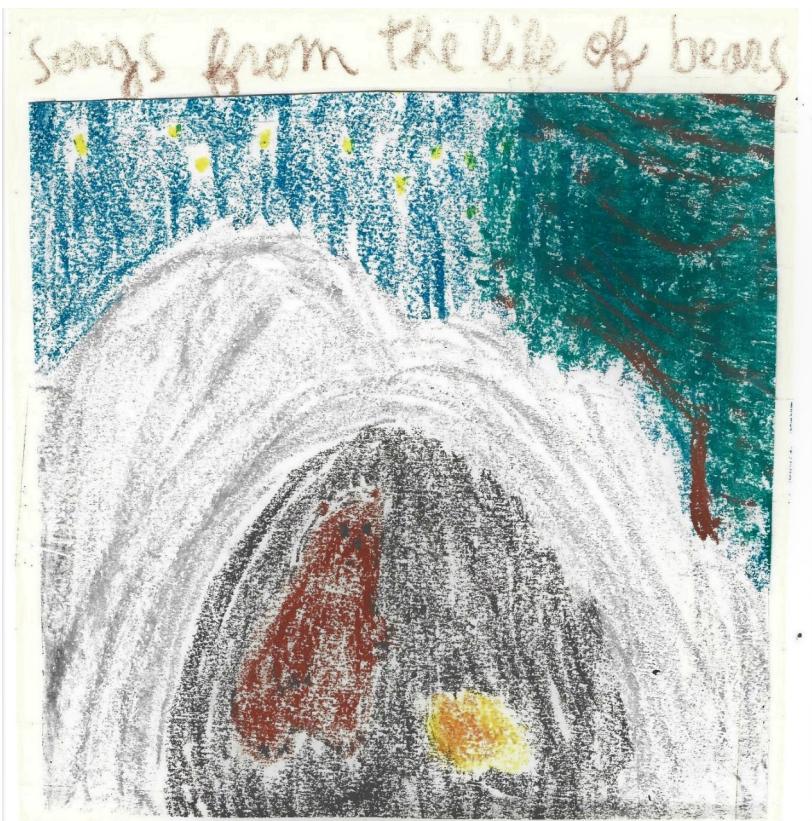
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# *Chapter 1:*

## *Songs from the Life of Bears*



# *The Life of Bears*

Haven't moved much in years,  
you just kept forgetting about me,  
    living my life,  
    living the life of bears,  
    sleeping so much,  
    away from you.

And I was happy with that,  
that I would never have to face again,  
    the danger of human beings.

You never quite understood  
    the difference  
between being dead or alive,  
    being blind or alone.

    The life of bears  
just never mattered to you.

# *The Winter-life of Bears*

Winter time is always  
a sadder time  
when time's spent sleeping  
and no one's around anymore  
but the sky and the birds and the night...

Sleeping time is always  
a harder time  
when life remains a memory  
of something shared  
and not shared.

But it's only in my sleep and  
it's only in your sleep  
that we can reach  
some understanding  
of what we live together...

# *The Threat*

Since when have you  
seen me as a threat  
When I was playing  
in the snow?  
I never had  
a thought about  
what you would think  
when I was playing  
in the snow.

# *The Disappearance of Homes*

Life is made of meanderings  
Exploring forests and mountains,  
hiding in caves, swimming in lakes.

So long ago,  
I became stranger  
to these homies,  
trying to find my way through life,  
trying to find my own way.

I have been discovering new territories,  
exploring the unknown,  
while everything else  
was based on things well known.

And my hidden den has always been more  
understood as meant to be known,  
to be well known.



## *Chapter 2:* *Bear Meditations*



# *I Belong to the Landscape*

I belong to the landscape  
who knows another time  
I belong to the landscape  
who knows the cycles of the earth  
I belong to the landscape  
who knows the movements of the sky  
and the dancing of the trees  
in the golden daylight  
All the bears like to run  
through the meadows...  
even those who lived in a cage  
all their life...

# *Eternity*

The grey sky  
of the rainy afternoon,  
spent hidden  
in caves,  
is the cave  
of eternity,  
where everything  
looks greener  
than it ever has  
and it ever  
will.

# *Aura Cleansing*

Growing to another time,

True self is

endless protection.

This state of

disbalance

to recreate

the energy of life.

Finally come to life,

to this renewal of light.

This white light

through which the cosmos

can create

this new state of life,

this renewal of light.

# *The Awakening of Spring*

Was there something  
to expect  
from such a long wait,  
from such a silence.

Was there something  
to never happen,  
or something else  
meant to break my heart,  
or something else,  
which has broken my heart.

Was there something  
to never happen?  
Maybe this hunt  
could find an end,  
maybe this hunt  
could find its end.

# *The Quiet Pace of Bears*

The big wide sky  
to look at,  
the growing sound  
of life to listen...  
The quiet pace  
of bears  
has so much  
more meaning  
than words...

# *All the Baby Bears*

All the baby bears  
have to learn  
how to climb trees.

All the baby bears  
have to learn  
how to protect  
themselves  
from the wild beasts.

All the baby bears  
have to learn  
how to climb trees.

Being sad  
does not help.

All the baby bears  
have to learn.

# *Goodnight Fears*

Time to say goodbye

to fears

and all things feared.

I can share nothing,

and meaning

is hidden.

Time to assimilate

with landscape,

so you won't find me...

For you do not feel,

just what you feel...

# ***Timelessness***

The horizon is bringing the fog,  
which is calling back

the voice of the forgotten.

And the birds are in tune

with this timelessness,

and the trees are slightly wet,

to confer this magic

to the recall of the timelessness.

And the soul is attracted by this void

from beyond the ages.

And the sky is grey

to keep the mystery alive...

And the bears are hiding

behind the trees,

to help reach

this new thickness of life.



## *Chapter 3*

### *As a Beare doth her Whelps<sup>1</sup>*



# *Non-Event*

Told by some tale  
To be a screaming monster.  
Narration had lost  
its frame.  
How can I trust  
Without  
measurement?  
Is it the only possible  
meaning?  
Is it the only possible  
means?

# ***Den***

I can see my den  
From inside,  
But most of  
what is outside  
Has only  
very little for me.

There is something I can not see.  
There is something else to see.  
When the sun is shining outside,  
This is more something  
In the universe,  
Something that my eyes  
Can not see.  
There is something I can not see.  
There is something else to see.

# *Brought into a Wilderness*<sup>2</sup>

There is no need  
to interfere  
I'd rather stay  
without any help  
To feel like  
it's the beginning of times  
And there's no need  
to compromise.  
I've been digging  
backwards  
through time  
to be able  
to find the light.

# *As a Beare doth her Whelps*

The unheeded life  
That you were  
never able to see,  
The hidden sense,  
That you were never able  
to perceive.  
If only I could have been seen  
by your eyes...  
Could my words ever have  
a meaning for you?  
Is the heart  
a human faculty?  
Are the eyes  
a human faculty?



# *Chapter 4:*

## *Kiwis are not Bears*



This chapter was cancelled for obvious reasons.

Nevertheless, in an attempt to maintain the continuity of this story, this bear playing the piano left some mysterious and undecyphered German keyboard tablatures as an interlude for the reader, reproduced here in facsimile.



# ⑨ The life of bears

a1 d3 b2 P  
 g3  
 b3  
 b a d3  
 CHORUS g2 b2 d3  
 f2 G2 c3

Haven't moved much in years  
 you just kept forgetting about me  
 C Living my life, living the life of bears  
 sleeping so much, away from you  
 And I was happy with that  
 that I would never have to face again,  
 C the danger of human beings.  
 you never quite understood the difference b/w  
 being dead or alive, being blind or alone.  
 C The life of bears just never mattered to you.

## ② I belong to the landscape

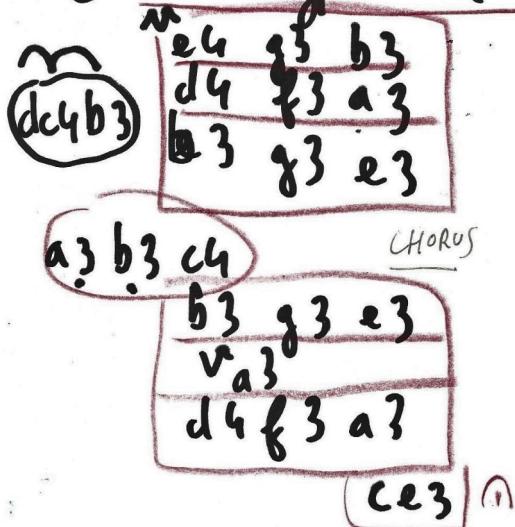
Chords

<u>e4</u>	<u>e3</u>	<u>g3</u>	<u>b3</u>
<u>d4</u>	<u>d3</u>	<u>f3</u>	<u>a3</u>

+ def g

I belong to the landscape  
who knows another time  
who " the cycles of the earth  
who know the movement of the sky  
and the dancing of the trees  
in the golden daylight  
All the bears like to run  
through the meadows  
ever those who lived in a cage all their life

③ not being perceived



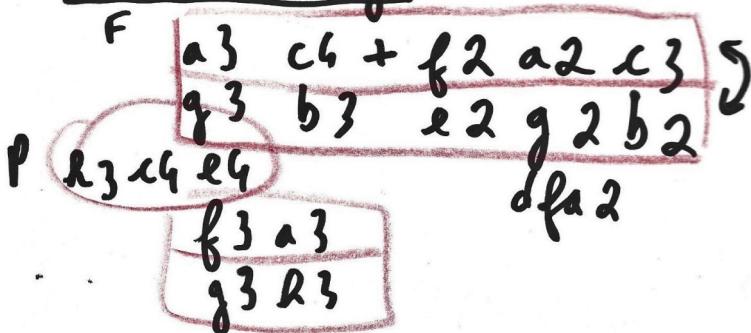
Most V are not deep enough  
to have a conversation

free from guilt

free from hierarchy

Is this not being perceived  
that implies Free

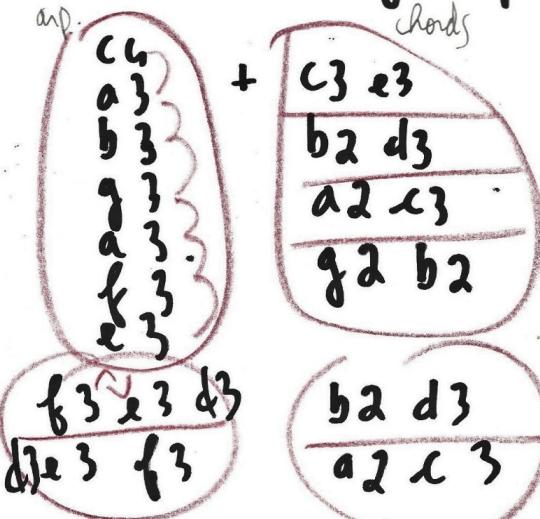
## ④ Aura clearing



growing to another vine  
true self is endless protection  
This state of duality <sup>this white light</sup> through which  
the cosmos can create  
this new state of life  
**this new world  
of light**

to renew the energy of life  
Finally come to life  
Vortex renewal of light

## ⑤ The awakening of spring



Was there sth to expect from such a long wait  
from such a sib<sup>le</sup>

Was there sth to never happen, or sth else meant  
to break my  $\hearts$ , or sth else, which has broken my  $\hearts$ .

Was there sth to never happen?

Maybe this heart could find for end  
its

## ⑥ As a bear cloth her whelps

d3 F3 F2 b2

e3 g3 c3 g2

+ F3 g ab3

+ agf3 e3 f3

the unheeded life

you were never able to see

the ladder sense

you were never able to perceive

(CHORUS)

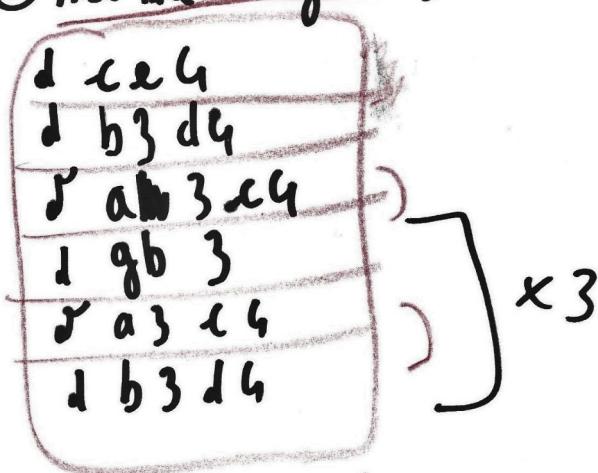
If only I could have been seen by your eyes

Would my words ever have a meaning for you?

Is love death a bit faintly?

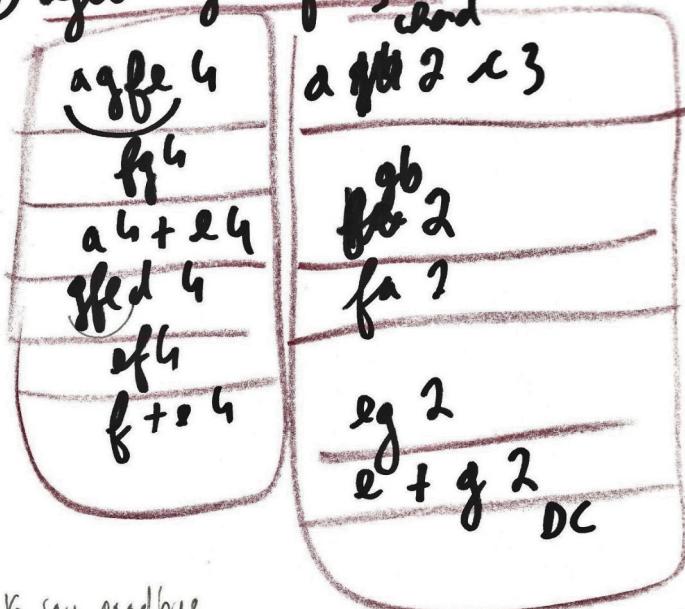
Are the eyes a bit faintly?

## ⑦ All the baby bears



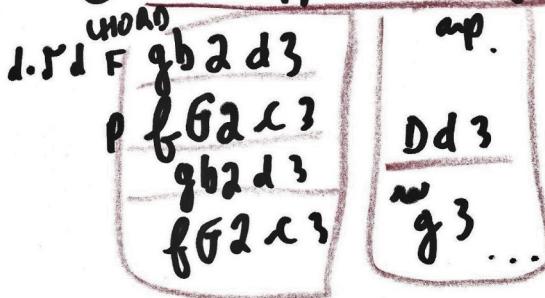
All the baby bears have to learn  
how to climb trees  
how to protect themselves  
from the wild beasts  
All the baby bears have to learn  
how to climb trees  
Being sad doesn't help  
All the baby bears have to learn.

## ⑧ Goodnight fears



Time to say goodbye  
to fears and all things feared.  
I can share with and meaning is hidden  
Time to assimilate w/ landscape  
so you won't find me  
for you do not feel, just what you feel ...

## ⑨ the disappearance of horses



Life is made of meanderings  
exploring forests and mountains  
hiding in caves, swimming in lakes.

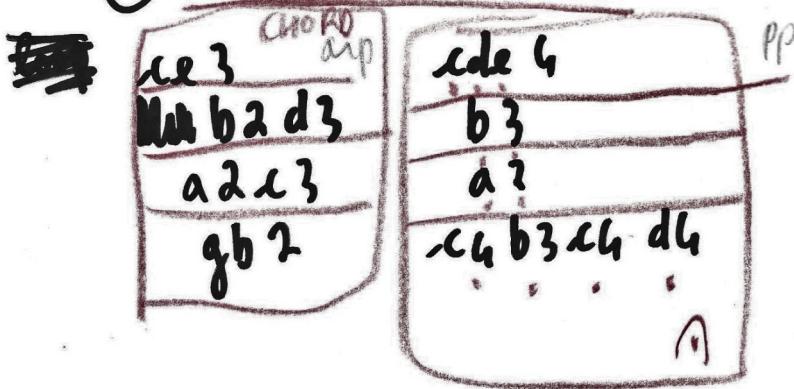
So long ago, I became stranger  
to these horses,

trying to find my way through life  
my own way

I have been discovering new territories,  
exploring the unknown,  
while everything else was based  
on things well known.

And my hidden den has  
always been more  
understood as meant to be known  
To be well known.

## ⑩ Unsere minor threat (Vokabeli)





# *Chapter 5:*

## *Unquestioning Unrequited*



# *For Bear Reasons*

Is it commitment  
that winter is lacking of?  
What is your commitment  
supposed to mean,  
if this is no commitment at all?

Rivers are frozen now  
and you won't  
send your heart to me,  
fields are frozen now  
and my secret will remain.

Chances are few  
that you notice the damage done.

Is there any chance  
that you could hear bear-language?

# *Unquestioning Unrequited*

If no bear  
wants to be  
a human being,  
what is it  
that they want to be?  
Most people  
know the answer,  
but all bears  
still don't know.  
Maybe there is no point  
for bears  
to be anything,  
if the answer is  
what you want to be.

# *not being perceived*

Most are not  
deep enough  
to have a conversation,  
free  
of guilt,  
free  
of hierarchy.  
Is it not being perceived  
that implies  
existence?

# *Белое на Белом*<sup>3</sup>

Those tears ended up  
in a never-ending sleep.

But when I saw you,  
it was snowing,

it was not even you anymore.

Is this what keeps you alive,  
is this what keeps me alive,  
not to be seen from you?

I can not see you,  
but I can see yourself,  
that you can not see.

Not all bears  
keep on living.

---

<sup>3</sup> A 1918 painting by Kazimir Malevich (1879-1935).

# *Mirroring Ice*

The ice will freeze again.

What was not there  
will be here again,  
but will the distance  
be the same?

Is water  
unfrozen  
the same water?  
Is mirroring ice  
the same ice?

# *The Saddest Bears*

The saddest bears  
can not move  
anymore.

Physical pain  
is all that's left,  
when there is  
no tear left.

Is there still  
a voice  
I can have,  
when no word  
makes sense  
to their ears?

# *The Sea Looking at Me*

Looking at the sea used  
to remind me of someone,  
now the sea looking at me  
reminds me of those I met  
without human entitlement  
letting them take a look at me.

This is not love that could give me a home,

    this is not beauty  
    that could save nature,  
    this is the sea  
that could save us from mankind.

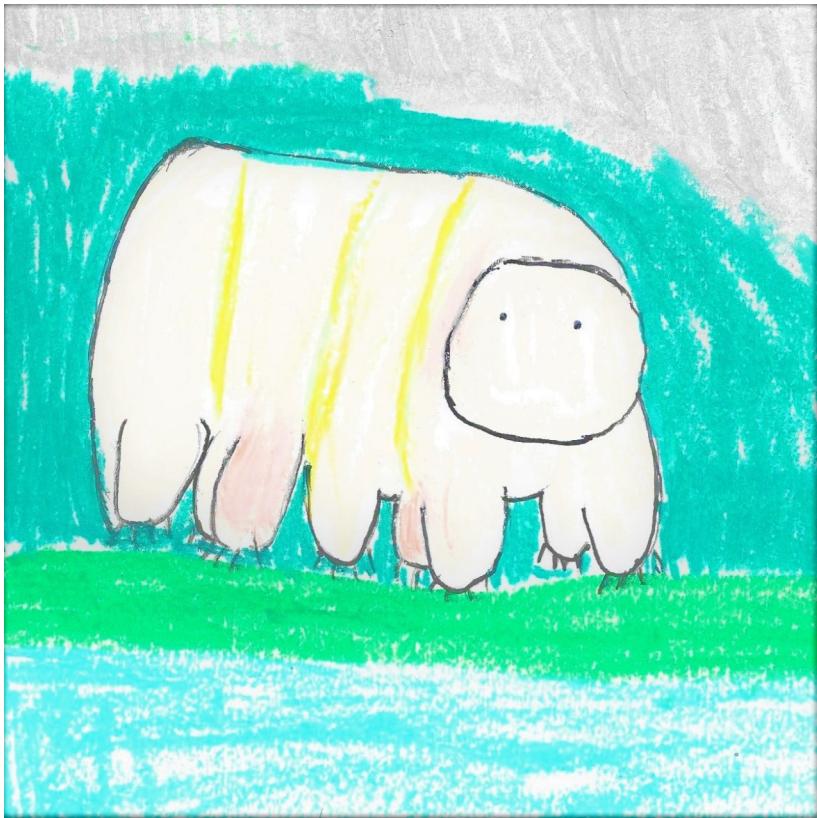
This ice was our home,  
blindness made it disappear,  
"the ever disappearing shade  
of what meaninglessness  
could have been".





# *Chapter 6*

## *Tardigrade Bouncing*



# *Bear Market*

Shrinking  
from the insincere,  
could any self-esteem  
do anything  
but decrease  
your chances of  
survival?

Shrinking  
from the Holocene,  
could any clarity  
help me  
to see through  
this?

# *Slow Walker*

I have ever been a slow walker  
Ever been fast at going slow  
Is it water keeping me slow?  
Is it the shallowness of things  
speeding up your decay?  
How long will I stay death-like  
at the bottom of the seabed?  
I have ever been a slow walker  
each time your life has failed  
to reach any meaning  
I have ever been a slow walker  
Ever been fast at being slow  
I might be eager to reach  
some purpose.

# *Cryptobiosis*

Time stood still  
Adaptive termination  
Safe from  
metabolizing  
Adaptive termination.

# *Big-Scale Vagueness*

Forms  
might not be made  
to preserve their meaning,  
but their intent  
might still.  
The informed,  
the preformed,  
the under-formed  
might be closer to its truth  
as it has remained  
untouched  
by this big-scale vagueness.

# *Tardigrade Bouncing*

Hidden in the moss  
does not feel  
like we should ever meet again  
"No one wants it anymore"  
might be  
the most obvious escape  
Will I keep bouncing back  
With no remaining escape  
Is this all that's left:  
Sounding a better onset?  
Will I keep bouncing back  
With no remaining escape?

# *Tidal Molt*

Some species,  
not being extinction-prone,  
is not their scene.

How much insignificance  
should I face  
For the time  
this tidal molt  
keeps me away from being?

Some species,  
not being extinction-prone,  
is not their scene.

How much insignificance  
should I face  
To find my way back?

How much insignificance?

# *Anoxybiosis*

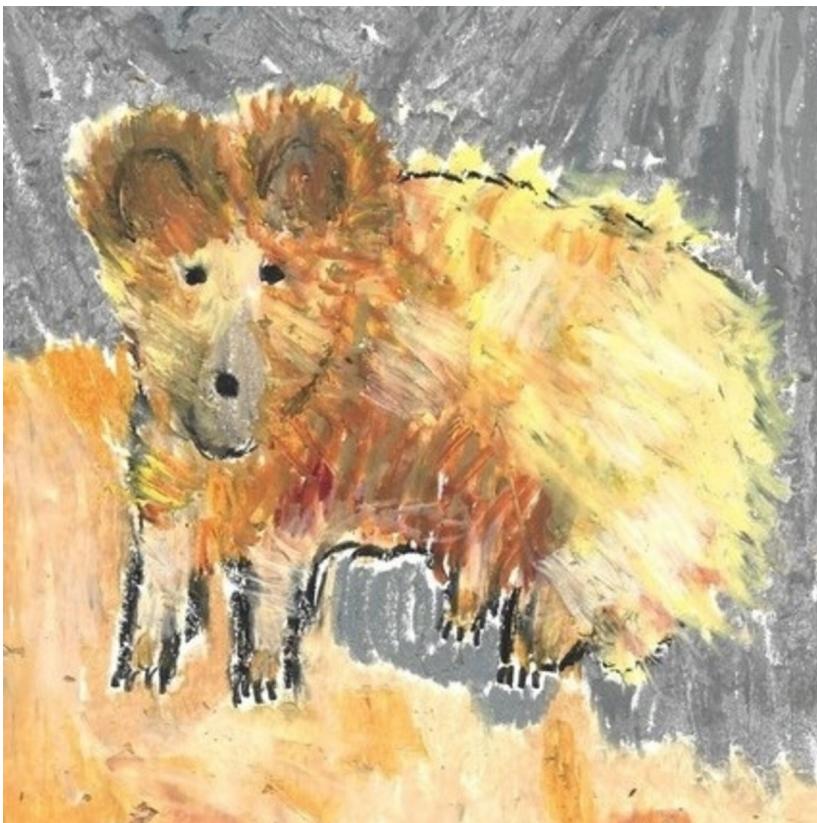
Staying around  
was no place  
to breathe anymore  
Breathing through  
my whole body,  
being whole,  
breathing whole.  
There is room  
to breathe  
where moss  
is standing tall.  
Being whole,  
breathing whole.





# *Chapter 7*

## *The Dry Path*



# *Forbearance*

Hur mycket finns det  
att uthärda  
för att hitta vägen  
genom ett okänt öde?  
Endast långsamhet  
avslöjar instinkten  
som visar mikrokosmos väg.

How much is there  
to forbear  
to find the way  
through an unknown fate?  
Only slowness  
unveils the instinct  
that shows microcosmos' way.

# *De Frysta Orden*

Glädje ska vara  
någonting kallt  
varför skulle annars  
en älva sten  
gömma sig  
under snö.  
  
Hur länge tar det  
för frysta ord  
att förstås?  
  
Hur kan de förstås  
om de gömmer  
sig lång inuti?

# *The Frozen Words*

Joy will be  
something cold  
why would otherwise  
an elf stone  
hide itself  
under snow.  
How long does it take  
for frozen words  
to be understood?  
How can they  
be understood,  
if they hide themselves  
far inside.

# *The Dry Path*

Is this the Path  
to where everything  
first began?

Is this the Path  
where nothing  
can be meaningless anymore?

In the unseen  
In the whole serene.  
Is this the Dry Path?

# *The Luminescent Waters*

Dark blue glow  
in the infinity  
of the deep blue  
waters  
in the infinity  
of the deepest  
gold.





# ***Table of Contents***

<b><i>Chapter 1 Songs from the Life of Bears</i></b> .....	<b>8</b>
The Life of Bears	
The Winter-Life of Bears	
The Threat	
The Disappearance of Homes	
<b><i>Chapter 2 Bear Meditations</i></b> .....	<b>14</b>
I Belong to the Landscape	
Eternity	
Aura Cleansing	
The Awakening of Spring	
The Quiet Pace of Bears	
All the Baby Bears	
Goodnight Fears	
Timelessness	

<i>Chapter 3 As a Beare doth her Whelps.....</i>	24
Non-Event	
Den	
Brought in a Wilderness	
As a Beare doth her Whelps	
<i>Chapter 4 Kiwis are not Bears.....</i>	30
The Keyboard Tablatures	
<i>Chapter 5 Unquestioning Unrequited.....</i>	44
For Bear Reasons	
Unquestioning Unrequited	
notbeingperceived	
Белое на Белом	
Mirroring ice	
The Saddest Bears	
The Sea Looking at Me	

<i>Chapter 6 Tardigrade Bouncing.</i> .....	54
Bear Market	
Slow Walker	
Cryptobiosis	
Big-Scale Vagueness	
Tardigrade Bouncing	
Tidal Molt	
Anoxybiosis	
<i>Chapter 7 The Dry Path</i> .....	64
<i>Forebearance</i>	
<i>De Frysta Orden</i>	
<i>The Frozen Words (Translation)</i>	
<i>The Dry Path</i>	
<i>The Luminescent Waters</i>	



This book is meant to be a comprehensive collection of all noemienours lyrics from 2016 to 2021. It also includes keyboard tablatures and several drawings, some of them, rare or unpublished so far. Collecting those lyrics and drawings was an important task to put them in perspective with the whole narrative of noemienours' songwriting, for which lyrics can be the most meaningful part of the creative songwriting process. This is also an attempt to give them back their prevalent position inside the songs, which can be and has been overlooked, but should be the most central and obvious element in the first place. Finally, the aim is also to put back those lyrics in a more literary perspective, where they can be enjoyed on their own, as a poetry book would have been, would they not have been cursed by the fact that they were lyrics for songs, and not poetry on their own to begin with.

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